

WHOLE No. 1379.

every article of luxury to be found

every article of luxury to be found in Paris may be bought in this city, and a tour of the shops convinces one of the truth of the assertion. No visitor to Santiago should make the mistake of imagining that this far-away land is a good place to wear out old clothes in—for there is no city where the latest fashions prevail to greater extent. The aristocrats have not only luxurious habits, but refined taste. Many of the private residences are veritable palaces, and are furnished in magnificent style. Though Chile has no native marble, there are few cities in the world where so much of that beautiful material enters into the construction of houses, as in Santiago.

On every pleasant afternoon the crowd of elegant equipages, with liveried coachmen and footmen, to be met in the Alameda, the Quinta Normal and other fashionable resorts, rivals Central Park or Rotten Row; and the toilettes of the ladies, at the opera, the races (everywhere but at church, where custom very

properly demands plain black gowns), are fully equal to anything displayed when the creme de la creme of Washington, Murray Hill or Belgravia are out on dress parade.

FANNIE B. WARD.

In the suburbs of the Nanhai district in Kwangtung, China, there is a mountain with seventy-two peaks. Midway up the steep side is a stone cavern of enormous

chairs, tables, beds and other furniture. Rocks taking the forms of men and animals abound in the interior. There are also trees, flowers, plants and odoriferous herbs growing about the place. On gala days multitudes visit the famous cavern, but no one ever dares to penetrate it to any depth, for fear wild beasts and snakes may chance

to have taken up their abode in its recesses. A village at the foot of the hill was lately plundered by bandits. The villagers swore to have revenge and hunted everywhere for a trace of the marauders. Some of the party being agile at climbing reached one of the highest peaks of the mountain, and looking down saw fluttering in the breeze some wearing apparel hung out apparently to dry. Carefully

matter known to their comrades. By rough calculation they surmised that the deepest part of the cave must have been inhabited. A force was assembled of the bravest of the villagers, and with arms and guns they marched into the cavern. Cautiously and slowly they traversed it; here and there a crevice shed light to guide their steps. Finally the pieces of clothing were perceived. Boldly they rushed on

expecting every moment to be confronted by an armed force. They were, however, doomed to disappointment, as no other noise or sound except what they themselves made was echoed back to their ears. They soon came to a stone table on which were placed some books of fortune telling, calendar books and writing materials. Such articles, denoting a peaceful calling, were not what

they expected to find. Thoughts of genii, fairies and foxes entered into their heads and chilled them to the marrow. However, they decided to penetrate the mystery, and when their excitement had somewhat abated, sounds of snoring were heard. A stone bed was discovered in a dark corner, with curtains hung round it. An old man feeble in appearance got up from it and faced them. Many

was at first too dazed to reply. He at length told them he had lived in the cave for eleven years, going down the mountain every morning to ply the trade of fortune-telling. The villagers apologized for the intrusion and turned their steps homeward.

A Model Son.

Overheard on a Wagner car:
Friend: "What a beautiful day!"
Other: "Yes, but I don't like it."

traveling lady companion:
 "Have you any children, madam?"
 "Yes, sir; a son."
 "Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"
 "No, sir; he has never as much as touched a cigarette."
 "So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a very poisonous habit. Does he frequent the club?"
 "He has never put his foot in

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"

"Never, sir. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, madam—a model young man. How old is he?"

"Two months."

Herbert Bruce of Columbus, Ind., is thirteen years old, but weighs 216